PASQVILS Mad-cappe,

Throwne at the Corruptions *of these Times.*

WITH

His *MESSAGE* to Men of all Estates.

London Printed by *A. M.* for *Francis Falkner*, and are to be sold at his Shop neere vnto St. *Margarets*-hill in Southwarke. 1626.

PASQVILS

To the Reader.

WHAT you are that reade this I know not, and how you like it I greatly care not; the honeſt will keepe their condition in ſpight of the deuill, and for them that are of the foure and twentie Orders, God amend them, for I cannot: what I haue written was in a madde humor, and ſo I hope by your reading you will imagine: a gallde hackney will winch if he beare but the noyſe of a Curri-combe, while a better Horſe will abide dreſſing and be quiet: call a foole a foole, and he will either crie or ſcratch; and yet an Oxe cannot hide his hornes though he were clad in a Beares skinne. To be ſhort, I wiſh well to all honeſt Profeſſions; I honor the Souldier, I reuerence the Diuine, I commend the Lawyer, and I obſerue the Courtier: The Merchant I hold a man of worth, the Farmer a rich fellow, the Craftesman no foole, and the Labourer worthy his hyre; but for the Beggar, he dwelles ſo neere my doore, that I am weary of his company: and therefore let Souldiers march,

Hamlet 3.2.253

To the Reader.

Diuines preach, Lawyers pleade, Marchants trafficke, Craftes-men follow their trade, and Worke-men take paines, Fencers play, and Players thriue; I say nothing to them all, but when they goe well to worke, God speede the plough: He that cannot abide the weather, let him lay by his feather, the Wise will liue in his wisdome, and the Foole will dye in his folly, of which number hoping you are none, I leaue my labour to your pleasure, to consider of as your patience will giue you leaue, and so rest, your Friend,

Pasquill.

An Inuectiue againſt the VVicked *of the Worlde.*

WHy ſhould man loue this wretched world ſo much
In which is nothing but all worſe then nought?
Shadowes & ſhewes of things are nothing ſuch,
While ſtrong illuſions haue too weake a thought,
With wicked humors too much ouer-wrought,
The witch of Will, and ouerthrow of Wit,
Where graceleſſe ſinnes doe in their glory ſit.

Beauty is but a Babies looking glaſſe,
While Money eates into the Miſers heart,
And guarded Pride, all like a golden Aſſe,
Makes Lechery lay open euery part.
Sloath lies and ſleepes, and feares no waking ſmart,
While froth and fatte in drunken gluttony,
The venome ſhew of Natures villany.

Patience is counted but a Poets fancie,
While Wrath keepes reakes in euery wicked place,
And fretting Enuy falne into a franzie,
While tyrant Murther treades a bloody trace,
And bleſſed Pitty dare not ſhew her face:
Pride, Power, and Pence march in ſuch battle ray,
As beares downe all that comes within their way.

The wealthy Raſcall be he ne're ſo baſe,
Filthy, ill-fauourd, vgly to behold,
Moale-eie, Plaiſe-mouth, Dogges-tooth, & Camels face,
Blinde, dumbe, and deafe, diſeaſed, rotten olde,
Yet, if he haue the coffers full of golde,
He ſhall haue reuerence, curtſie, cappe, and knee,
And worſhip, like a man of high degree.

He ſhall haue Ballads written in his praiſe,
Bookes dedicated to his patronage,
Wittes working for his pleaſure many waies,
Petigrees ſought to mend his parentage,
And linkt perhaps in Noble marriage,
He ſhall haue all that this vile worlde can giue him,
That into Pride, the Deuills mouth may driue him.

If he can ſpeake, his wordes are Oracles,
If he can ſee, his eyes are ſpectacles,
If he can heare, his eares are miracles,
If he can ſtand, his legges are pinacles:
Thus in the rules of Reaſons obſtacles,
If he be but a beaſt in ſhape and nature,
Yet, giue him wealth, he is a goodly creature.

But, be a man of ne're ſo good a minde,
As fine a ſhape as Nature can deuiſe,
Vertuous, and gratious, comely, wiſe, and kinde,
Valiant, well giuen, full of good qualities,
And almoſt free from Fancies vanities:
Yet let him want this filthy worldly droſſe,
He ſhall be ſent but to the Beggars Croſſe.

The foole will ſcoffe him, and the knaue abuſe him,
And euery Raſcall in his kinde diſgrace him,
Acquaintance leaue him, and his friends refuſe him:
And euery Dogge will from his doore diſplace him:
Oh this vile world will ſeeke ſo to deface him,
That vntill death doe come for to releeue him,
He ſhall haue nothing heere but that may greeue him.

If he haue pence to purchase pretty things,
She that doth loue him will dissemble loue,
While the poore man his heart with sorrow wrings,
To see how want doth Womens loue remoone,
And make a Iack-dawe of a Turtle doue:
If he be rich, worldes serue him for his pelfe,
If he be poore, he may goe serue himselfe.

If he be rich, although his nose doe runne,
His lippes doe slauer, and his breath doe stinke,
He shall haue napkins faire and finely spunne,
Pilles for the rheume, and such perfumed drinke,
As were he blinde, he shall not seeme to winke:
Yea, let him cough, hacke, spit, fart, and pisse,
If he be wealthy, nothing is amisse.

But with his pence, if he haue got him power,
Then halfe a God that is, more halfe a Diuell,
Then Pride must teach him how to looke as sower,
As Beldams milke that turned with her sneuill,
While the poore man that little thinketh euill,
Though Nobly borne, shall feare the Beggars frowne,
And creepe and crowch vnto a filthy Clowne.

Oh,

Oh, he that wants this wicked cankred Coyne,
May fret to death before he finde reliefe,
But if he haue the cunning to purloyne,
And eaſe the Begger of his biting griefe,
Although (perhaps) he play the priuie thiefe:
It is no matter if the bagges be full,
Well fare the wit that makes the world a Gull.

The Chuffe that ſits and champes vpon his chaffe,
May haue his Mawkin kiſſe him like a Mare:
And on his Barne-doore-threſhold lye and laugh,
To ſee the Swagg'rer with the Beggars ſhare,
Follow the Hounds, till he hath caught the Hare:
Oh, tis the purſe that guildes the Bullockes horne,
And makes the Shrew to laugh the Sheepe to ſcorne.

Who hath not ſeene a logger-headed Aſſe,
That hath no more wit than an old ioynd ſtoole,
Prinking himſelfe before a Looking-glaſſe,
And ſet a face as though he were no foole,
When he that well might ſet the calfe to ſchoole,
Muſt be attentiue to the Ganders keake,
Or giue a plaudite, when the Gooſe doth ſpeake.

Let but a Dunce, a Dizard, or a Dolt
Get him a welted Gowne, a ſattin Coate,
Then though at randon he doe ſhoote his bolt,
By telling of an idle tale by roate,
Where Wiſedome findes not one good word to note:
Yea, though he can but gruntle like a ſwine,
Yet to the eight wiſe men he ſhall be nine.

But, for a poore man, be he nere ſo wiſe,
Grounded in rules of Wit and Reaſons grace,
And in his ſpeeches neuer ſo preciſe,
To put no word out of Diſcretions place,
Yet ſhall you ſee, in ſhutting vp the caſe,
A peſant ſlouen with the purſes ſleight,
Will humme and haw him quite out of conceit.

Looke on a Souldier that hath brauely ſerude,
And with diſcretion can direct a Campe,
If he haue nothing for himſelfe reſerude,
To warme his ioynts when he hath got the Crampe,
He ſhall haue little oyle vnto his Lampe,
But in a Iacket and a paire of Broages,
Goe paſſe among the company of Roages.

But, if he can make money of his Men,
And his Lieutenant to ſupply his place,
Although the Cocke be of a crauen Henne,
And dare not meete a Capon in the face:
Yet if he can be garded with gold lace,
And ſweare, and ſwagger with a ſiluer Sword,
Who would not feare a ſtabbe for a foule word?

And yet this ſwappes, that neuer bloodied ſword,
Is but a coward, braue it as he liſt:
And, though he ſweare and ſtare to keepe his word,
He will but looſe his Armour in the Liſt,
Or take the cuffe, and kindely kiſſe the fiſt:
Stolne Honor is a ieſt of Chiualry,
And vnto Valour open iniury.

While he that ventures, Landes, and goods, and life,
To ſhew the vertue of a valiant heart,
And leaues his houſe, his children, and his wife.
And from his countries quiet will depart,
To paſſe the pikes of Dangers deadly ſmart:
He is the Souldier, be he ne're ſo poore,
May write Diſgrace vpon the Cowards doore.

But for the Lords and Generalls of fields,
The Serieant Maiors, Colonels, and ſuch,
Marſhalls and Captaines, that in Vertues ſhields,
Doe beare the trueth of Valours honours tuch,
In good of them I cannot ſay too much,
If all their Armour were of pearle and gold,
That by deſert the due of Knighthood hold.

Take an odde Vicar in a Village Towne,
That onely prayes for plenty and for peace,
If he can get him but a threed bare Gowne,
And tithe a Pigge, and eate a Gooſe in greaſe,
And ſet his hand vnto his neighbours leaſe,
And bid the Clearke on Sondayes ring the bell,
He is a Church-man fits the Pariſh well.

But, if he get a Benefice of worth,
That may maintaine good hoſpitality,
And in the Pulpit bring a figure forth,
Of Faith and Workes with a formality,
And tell a Knaue of an ill quality,
If with his preaching he can fill the purſe,
He is a good man, God ſend here a worſe.

But yet this simple idle headed Asse,
That scarce hath learnd to spell the Hebrew names,
Sir Iohn Lack-latine with a face of brasse,
Who all by roate his poore collations frames,
And after seruice falles to Ale-house games,
How ere his wit may giue the foole the lurch,
He is not fit to gouerne in the Church.

While he that spends the labour of his youth,
But in the Booke of the Eternall blisse,
And can and will deliuer but the trueth,
In which the hope of highest comfort is,
That cannot leade the faithfull foule amisse:
How euer so his state of wealth decline,
Deserues the title of the true diuine.

I doe not speake of Bishops, nor of Deanes,
Nor learned Doctors in Diuinity,
For they are men that rise by godly meanes,
Who with the world haue no affinity,
But in the worshipp of the Trinity,
Their times, their brains, their loues, & liues do spend,
To gaine the honour that shall neuer end.

Take but a Petti-fogger in the Law,
That scarce a line of *Littleton* hath read,
If he hath learnd the cunning how to claw
His Clients back, and bring a foole to bed,
With beating toyes and trifles in his head,
His golden fees will get him such a grace,
A better Lawyer shall not crosse his Case.

But be a Poore man neuer so well read,
In all the quirkes and quiddities of Law,
And beate his braines, and weary out his head,
Till he haue prou'd a Dunce to be a Daw,
Yet will his skill be held not worth a straw:
And he perhaps in pleading of his Case,
With floutes and scoffes be shouldred out of place.

But let that pidling petti-fogging Iacke,
That faine would seeme a Lawyer at the least,
Be ne're so busie in a Beggers packe,
And light vpon the carde that likes him best,
Yet shall you see in setting vp his rest:
In all the game who so doe looke or saue,
His trick will allwaies fall vpon the Knaue.

While he that hath the honest Case in hand,
And learnedly can iudge twixt right and wrong,
And doth vpon the care of conscience stand,
And knowes that Sorrow's the Afflicted's song;
Bids Iustice not the poore mans griefe prolong,
But hateth Bribes to heare the trueth approoued,
He is the Lawyer worthy to be loued.

But for the Lords and Iudges of the Law,
They looke into the Matter, not the Mean:
They know the mettall if they see the flaw,
And iudge the mariſh if they see the feane:
They know both what, and how, and where, and when,
And are as Gods on earth to the distressed;
To giue the right, and see the wrong redressed.

But for our gentle Iustices of Peace,
That but the chaire of Charity doth keepe,
By whose great wisedome many quarrels cease,
And honest people doe in quiet sleepe,
While their command both watch & ward doth keepe:
I say no more, but God preserue their health,
They are good members in a Common-wealth.

Say, Coyne can make a Painter draw a face,
He cannot giue it life, doe what he can:
And though that Coyne can giue an outward grace,
It cannot make a Knaue an honest man,
It cannot turne the cat so in the pan:
But he that hath his eyes may easily finde,
The difference twixt the body and the minde.

Take him that is disfigured in the face,
And worse in minde, and euery where too blame,
He shall be but the subiect of Disgrace:
How euer fortune doe his shadow frame,
And in Loues triumph but a laughing game:
For neuer Mastiffe curre will be a Beagle,
Nor euer Owle will grow to be an Eagle.

Looke on a fellow with a filthy face,
Snow on his head, and frost vpon his beard,
And euery where so furnisht with Disgrace,
As well might make a seely foole afeard,
And like a Smith with sea coale all besmeard,
Yet if he haue his working toole of golde,
Venus will helpe to stirre, if *Vulcan* holde.

Let but a fellow in a Fox-furd gowne,
A greaſie night-cap, and a driueled beard,
Grow but the Baliffe of a fiſher towne,
And haue a matter fore him to be heard,
Will not his frowne make halfe a ſtreete afeard?
Yea, and the greateſt Codſhead gape for feare
He ſhall be ſwallowed by this vgly beare.

Looke but on Beggars going to the ſtockes,
How maſter Conſtable can march before them,
And while the Beadle maketh faſt the lockes,
How brauely he can knaue them, and be-whore them,
And not afford one word of pitty for them,
When it may be, poore honeſt ſeely people,
Muſt make the Church make curtſie to the Steeple.

Note but the Beadle of a beggars Spittle,
How (in his place) he can himſelfe aduance,
And will not of his Title looſe a tittle,
If any matter come in variance,
To try the credite of his countenance:
For whatſoeuer the poore beggars ſay,
His is the word muſt carry all away.

Why let a Begger but on cock-horse sit,
Will he not ride like an ill-fauourd kinge?
And will it not amaze a poore mans witte,
That Cuckoes teach the Nightingale to sing?
Oh, this same wealth is such a wicked thing,
T'will teach an Owle in time to speake true latine,
And make a Frier forsweare our Ladies Mattine.

Take but a Peasant newly from the cart,
That onely liues by paddings, beanes, and pease,
Who neuer learned any other arte,
But how to driue his cattle to the leas,
And after worke, to sit and take his ease:
Yet put this asse into a golden hide,
He shall be Groome vnto a handsome Bride.

Take but a Rascall with a rogish pate,
Who can but onely keepe a counting booke,
Yet if his reckning grow to such a rate,
That he can angle for the golden hooke,
How euer so the matter be mistooke,
If he can cleerely couer his deceite,
He may be held a man of deepe conceite.

Finde out a Villaine, borne and bred a knaue,
That neuer knew where honeſty became,
A drunken raſcall, and a dogged ſlaue,
That all his wittes to wickedneſſe doth frame,
And onely liues in infamy and ſhame,
Yet let him tinke vpon the golden pan,
His worde may paſſe yet for an honeſt man.

Why, take a Fidler but with halfe an eye,
Who neuer knew if *Ela* were a Note,
And can but play a Round, or Hey-de-gey,
And that perhaps he onely hath by roate,
Which now and then may hap to get a groate,
Yet if his Crowde be ſet with ſiluer ſtuddes,
The other Minſtrels may goe chew their cuddes.

Giue miſtris Fumkins (Iohn Anods his wife,
The filthieſt queane in fifteene countrey townes,
Who neuer had good thought in all her life,)
But one fring'd kettle, and two woſted gownes,
And fill her leather powch with a few crownes,
She ſhall haue more fine Suters for her mariſh,
Than all the faireſt Maidens in the pariſh.

Olde Gillian Turne-tripe lacke an Apes his Trull,
That ſcarce can chew a peece of new made cheeſe,
Swelld with the dropſie, foule, and farting full,
With feeding on the fatte of Scullions fees,
Yet if ſhe haue the golden hony bees,
She ſhall be kept, as cleanly, fine, and freſh,
As if ſhe were a ſweeter peece of fleſh.

Let prinking *Parnell* with a paire of thumbes,
That well might ſerue a Millers tolling diſh,
Who thicks her pottage but with brown bread crummes,
And neuer car'd for butter to her fiſh,
Haue but the mettall of the Miſers wiſh,
Twenty to one, but ſhe ſhall quickly marry,
When finer wenches will be like to tarry.

Looke on olde *Bettreſſe* with her beetle browes,
Begot betwixt a Tinker and his Tibbe,
And, but of late a ſilly Coblers ſpouſe,
If ſhe haue playde the thrifty prowling ſcribbe,
To purchaſe graſſe to greaze the Bullockes ribbe,
She ſhall be fedde with fine and dainty fare,
And woo'd and wedded, ere ſhe be aware.

But for a poore wench, be shenere so fayre,
Gratious, and vertuous, wise, and nobly borne,
And worthy well to sit in Honors chaire,
Yet, if her kertile, or her gowne be torne,
All her good gifts shall be but held in scorne,
And she (poore soule) in sorrow and disgrace,
Be forc'd to giue a filthy baggage place.

So that by all these consequents I see,
It is the Money makes or marres the man,
And yet where Iudges will indifferent be,
The Hobby-horse best fittes Maide-*Marrian*,
While greedy dogges may licke the dripping pan
For though that Money maydoe many thinges,
Yet Vertue makes the truest Queenes and Kings.

Oh what a world it is to see what wiles,
A silly foole will finde to gather wealth:
And how he laughes, when he himselfe beguiles,
With getting of the Cuckoes note by stealth,
And thinke all well, it is a signe of health:
When Patience hath the vaine to gather pence,
It is a fault to trouble conscience.

Who doth not ſee what villanies are wrought,
To gather wealth the ground of wickedneſſe?
How many ſcholers *Machauell* hath taught,
To fill the earth with all vngodlineſſe,
While witte doth onely worke for wealthineſſe:
Who liues in ebbes, and may let in the floods,
But will betray his father for his goods?

But, what auailes vnto the world to talke?
Wealth is a witch that hath a wicked charme,
That in the mindes of wicked men doth walke,
Vnto the heart and ſoules eternall harme,
Which is not kept by the Almighty arme:
Oh, tis the ſtrongeſt Inſtrument of ill
That ere was knowne to worke the deuills will.

An honeſt man is held a good poore ſoule,
And kindeneſſe counted but a weake conceite,
And Loue writte vp but in the wood-cockes rowle,
While thriuing *Wit* doth but on wealth awaite,
He is a Fore-horſe that goes euer ſtreight:
And he but held a foole for all his wit,
That guides his braines but with a golden bit.

Paſquills Mad-cappe.

A Virgin is a vertuous kind of creature,
But doth not Coine command Virginities:
And Beautie hath a ſtrange bewiching feature:
But Golde reades ſo much worlds diuinitie,
As with the Heauens hath no affinitie,
So that where Beautie doth with Vertue dwell,
If it want Money yet it will not ſell.

The market doth not ſeruet to looke on mindes
Tis mony makes the way with euery thing:
Coyne alters Natures in a thouſand kinds,
And makes a Begger thinke himſelfe a King,
The Carter whiſtle and the Cobler ſing.
Money, oh God, it carries ſuch a grace,
That it dare meet the Diuell in the face.

And he that wants this wicked kinde of droſſe,
May talke of Nutres but feede vpon the Shales,
In ſteede of Graſſe be glad to gather Moſſe,
And ſteed of hilles be glad to keepe the dales,
With chilling blaſts in ſteede of bleſſed gales:
Valour, wit, Honor, Vertue, Beautie, Grace,
All little worth if wealth be out of place.

The Golden tale is euer ſooneſt heard,
The golden ſuter ſooneſt hath diſpatch,
The golden ſeruant hath the beſt regard,
And what ſuch marriage as the golden match?
And who ſo wiſe as is the Golden patch?
Sweet muſicke ſoundes it in a Golden vaine,
The ſweeteſt ſtroke is in the golden ſtraine.

And yet for all this, by your leaue a while,
Examine all, and giue each one his right,
Let not ſelfe-will a better wit beguile,
To take a candle for the Sunny light:
There is a diffrence twixt the day and night,
So is there twixt the riches of the minde,
And the baſe droſſe in Beggar-thoughts to finde.

The wealthy Beggar with his golden bagges,
Is yet a Beggar, maugre all his golde,
And noble Vertue, though it be in ragges,
May well deſerue a better place to holde
Then many a one that is for money ſolde:
And t'is not wealth can make an Ape a Man,
Cut out his coate the beſt way that you can.

Wealth will not make an old man yong againe,
How euer ſo *Elixers* do abuſe him,
Nor wealth can take out a diſhoneſt ſtaine,
How euer kindneſſe for a time excuſe him,
Wealth can make the wiſe but to refuſe him:
Wealth cannot ſweeten an old ſtincking breath,
Nor ſaue a miſer from the dart of death.

A Knaue in graine can take none other hue,
The Counterfeit will quickly ſhew his kinde,
A Traitor in his heart cannot be true,
The weathercocke goes euer with the wind,
He hath no eies that can no colours finde:
Fooles may be blinded with a wilfull miſt,
But wiſe men will beware of had-I-wiſt.

For he that were as rich as *Craſus* was,
Yet, if he haue a paire of *Midas* eares,
He ſhall be counted but a golden Aſſe,
What euer worſhip in the world he beares:
For Truth her ſelfe by all her triall ſweares,
In all the rules where Reaſon hath his right,
A ſhadow doth but onely mocke the ſight.

While he that hath a manly comely feature,
And wisedomes grace to guide the spirites will,
And with the outward ornaments of nature,
To heauenly comfort bends his inward skill,
Although he cannot clime the golden hill,
How bare soeuer here be his abode,
He shall be gratious in the sight of God.

He that walkes wanton with his head aside,
And knowes not well how he may set his feete,
And she that minceth like a maiden Bride,
And like a shadow slideth through the streete,
How euer so their mindes in money meete,
Measure their humours iustly by the middle,
He may be but a Foole, and she a Fiddle.

She that hath a round table at her breech,
And like a Puppet in her parrell dight:
He that is all formalitie in speech,
And like a Rabbet that is set vpright,
How euer so their purses be in plight,
He may be wise, but in his owne opinion,
And she accounted but an idle minion.

He that with fat goes wallowing like a Beare,
And puffes and blowes, and gapes to gather ayre:
She that all day ſittes curling of her hayre,
And paints her face to make the fowle ſeeme faire,
How euer ſo their wealth encreaſe, or paire,
He may be held for a Butchers Weather,
And ſhe a Bird, but of an idle feather,

He. like a Crane that ſtalkes along the ſtreete,
And ouer-lookes the Moone, and all the Starres,
She that doth ſoftly ſtriue to ſet her feete,
As though her ioynts had lately beene at iarres,
How e're their purſes breede their peace or warres,
He may be counted but the ſonne of pride,
And ſhe perhaps haue an vnwholſome hide.

He that doth ſet his wicked wittes to worke,
To cooſen and to cony-catch his friend:
And ſhe that doth in ſecret corners lurke,
To bring young humours to a wicked end,
How euer ſo their purſes paire or mend,
She may hap prooue as good as euer twangd,
And he a raſcall, worthy to be hangd.

He that doth bring men into bonds of dept,
And feede their humors with a card of tenne:
She that can mump, and mince, and irke, and iet,
As though she were old *Chauntecleers* chiefe hene,
How ere their purses build the golden Penne,
In the best rules that wit and Reason haue,
She may be thought a Queane and he a Knaue.

He that can fleere and leere, and looke aside,
As though he studied on some weighty case:
She that can kindely counterfet the Bride,
On working dayes to make a Sondayes face,
How euer so their purses be in case,
He may perhaps haue but a knauish wit,
And she perhaps be but a foolish Tit.

He that will drinke, and sweare, and stabbe, and kill,
And will be brought vnto no better stay,
She that will brawle and scold and haue her will,
In spight of whosoeuer dare say nay,
How e're their wealth doe beare the world away,
He may be fit to keepe the Diuels court,
And she a match to make a mad man sport.

So that I ſee I finde my ſelfe deceiued,
To thinke that Mony ſhould monarch it ſo,
Although I thinke I might be well conceiued,
To thinke that Money make a goodly ſhow,
Vnto a minde that doth not mettall know:
But he that knowes the flower from the moſſe,
Will finde it but a neceſſary droſſe.

But, he that can with Conſcience, and with Kindneſſe,
From a ſmall Mole-hil, to a Mountaine riſe,
And ſhe that will not with Diſcretions blindeneſſe
Lead a poore friend into fooles paradiſe: *Romeo n Iulet*
Let Crownes and Angels follow them like flies. *2.4.176*
If they get golde, on Gods name let them weare it,
He hath a peeuiſh humour cannot beare it.

But let him yet acknowledge what he is,
That by his wealth his onely worſhip getteth:
And let her that is ſuch a miſteries,
Thinke her but fond that ſo herſelfe forgetteth,
As labours lucre euen with honor ſetteth.
Let them, I ſay confeſſe but what they be,
And they ſhall be ſtil as they are for me,

But if King Pippin ouer-looke his basket,
I wiſh a rotte among his apples fall:
And if dame Laundreſſe doe forget her flasket,
I wiſh her looſe her Crippin, or her Cawle,
I can not make a Parlour of a Halle:
Let euery Rabbet to her borough runne,
And then the hunting will be quickly done.

But, if the hildings care not how they rome,
Nor where they range in fetching of their feede,
If they be met with in their going home,
I can not pitty their vnhappy ſpeede:
Who cuttes their fingers muſt abide them bleede:
Who wilfully will venture for a ſmart,
I can not helpe them, if it breake their heart.

Then let a knaue be knowne to be a knaue,
A theife a villaine, and a churle a hogge,
A minkes a minion, and a rogue a ſlaue,
A trulla Tit, an vſurer a dogge,
A lobbe a loute, a heauy loll a logge:
And euery birdegoe rowſt in her owne neſt,
And then perhaps my Muſe will be at reſt.

But, if a Iacke will be a Gentleman,
And mistris Needens lady it at least,
And euery Goose be sawcy with the Swanne,
While the Asse thinkes she is a goodly beast,
While so the foole doth keepe ambitions feast,
My Muse in conscience that cannot be quier,
Will giue them this good sawce vnto their diet.

But I doe hope I am but in a dreame,
Fooles will be wiser then to loose their wittes,
The Countrey wench will looke vnto her creame,
And workemen see, but where their profite sits,
And leaue fantastickes to their idle fits:
Pride shall goe downe, and vertue shall encrease,
And then my Muse be still, and hold her peace.

But, if I see the world will not amend,
The wealthy Beggar counterfeite the King,
And idle spirites all their humours spend,
In seeking how to make the Cuckoe sing:
If Fortune thus doe daunce in follies ring,
When contraries thus goe against their kindes,
My Muse resolues to tell them what she findes.

For

For ſhe cannot be partiall in her ſpeech,
To ſmooth, and flatter to cologue, and lie,
She cannot make a breaſt-plate of a breech,
Nor praiſe his fight that hath but halfe an eie,
She cannot doe her ſelfe ſuch iniurie:
For ſhe was made out of ſo plaine a molde,
As doth but Trueth for all her honor holde.

FIN IS.

His Message.

GOe Muse abroade, & beate the world about,
Tell trueth for shame, and hugge vp no ill:
Flatter no Follie with too plaine a flowt,
Nor on a Buzzard set a Falcons bill:
Doe no Man wrong, giue euery Man his right,
For time will come that all will come to light.

Doe not perswade a foole that he is wise,
Nor make a Begger thinke he is a King:
Say not a Mole can see that hath no eyes,
Nor starke dead stockes haue any power to spring,
For while that Logicke would maintaine a lie,
Tis easely found out in Philosophie.

Tell idle eies that know not how to looke,
Their wanton thoughts will worke thē nought but woes
Tell addle wittes that haue the worlde mistooke,
Vnbrideled willes are Reasons ouerthrowes,
While onely Trueth that walkes by Wisedomes line,
Happieth the heart, and makes the soule diuine.

His Meſſage.

Goe to the Court and tell your gratious King,
That in his loue his Land hath bleſſed beene:
And tell his Land that you haue truely ſeene,
No Court on earth more graced in a King,
Where Vertue giues a kind of heauenly crown
That all the world can neuer tumble downe,

There tell the Lordes & Ladies in their eares,
They muſt be loyall in their humble loues,
The faireſt Badge that Honor euer beares,
Is, in a crowne a neſt of Turtle-doues,
The crowne of Lawrell that can neuer wither,
The Birdes in loue, that liue and die togither.

There tell the Courtier he doth kindely ſerue,
That of his curtſie cannot make a cloake,
Where bounties hād doth honor beſt deſerue,
That giues reward before the word be ſpoke:
And tell the Gallants that will ſeeke for graces
Chaſte modeſt eies beſt figure Angels faces.

His Meſſage.

Goe bid the Lawyers looke their Common places,
And where they know the trueth, there giue the right:
For God himſelfe who heares the poore mens caſes,
Will giue a day vnto their darkeſt night.
When in the Booke that doth all thoughts diſcloſe,
Their ſoules ſhall ſee whereto iniuſtice growes,

Goe to the learned Vniuerſities,
And tell the Schollers of the loſſe of time,
Bid them beware of too much liberties,
Beſt thriuing plants are tended in their prime,
And bid them firſt goe read the rules of grace,
That lower bleſſings may come on apace.

Tell countrey Players, that old paltry ieſts
Pronounced in a painted motley coate,
Filles all the world ſo full of Cuckoes neſts,
That Nightingales can ſcarcely ſing a note:
Oh bid them turne their minds to better meanings,
Fields are ill ſowne that giue no better gleanings.

His Message.

Goe tell the Fidlers that doe haunt the faires,
They are but coales to kindle wicked fire,
Where only pence doe make vnequall paires:
Performe the actions of vncleane desires:
When in an Ale-house in a drunken pot,
The diuell daunceth though they see him not.

Goe tell the Swaggrers that doe vse to sweare,
Heere, or in hell, their mouthes will sure be stopt:
And tell the thieues that robbe without a feare,
That Tiborne trees must once a month be topt:
And tell the cluster of the damned crue,
Such hell-hounds heauen out of her mouth doth spue.

Bid each Diuine goe closely to his booke,
And truely teach the comforts of the soule,
And to his life to haue a carefull looke:
Knowing what actions Angels doe enroule,
And tell them truely that diuinitie
With worldly loue hath no affinitie.

Feede

His Message.

Feede not the Souldier with delight of blood,
While Mercy is the honour of a field:
And tell the Merchant, that ill gotten good,
A wretched life a wofull end will yeeld:
And tell the Miser vsurer of money,
His soule is poysned with his bodies hunney.

Goe tell the Crafte-man of his crafty worke,
And that his coosoning one day will decay:
For long the Foxe may in his burrow lurke,
That may be catcht in hunting of a pray:
And whereas Trueth can onely beare a blame,
Falshood must runne and hide her face for shame.

Goe tell the Fencer with his deadly foyne,
That *Caine* and *Abell* yet are currant weight,
Where is more easie for to part then ioyne
The soule and body by a wicked sleight,
While secret murther in the sinners brest,
Will neuer let the soule to be at rest.

His Message.

Goe tell the wretch that would and cannot thriue,
That his endeauour standeth for a deede:
And bid the sicke man in his soule reuiue,
While Angells ioyes on sinners teares doe feede:
And tell the soule that mourneth for her sinne,
Heau'n gates stand open for to let her in.

Tell not a Crow, that she is lilly white,
Because a painter colourd hath her coate:
Nor say a Cuckoe hath in musicke sight,
Because in Maye she hittes vpon a noate,
But say the Crow is blacke, the Cuckoe's horse,
The finest carkasse will be but a corse.

Tell Æsops Pie, that flies with peacockes feathers,
They are but stolne, or borrowed, not her owne:
And tell the Shippe that sailes in roughest weather,
Vpon a Rocke she may be ouerthrowne:
And tell the Hart that will not keepe the wood,
To graze too farre, will doe him little good.

Goe

His Message.

Goe tell the Beggar at the Rich mans gate.
That *Lazarus* in *Abrahams* bosome liues:
And tell the Rich, that *Dives* wofull state,
Doth shew what almes lacke of Pitty giues:
And tell the wise, that *Salomon* is dead,
While wilfull Fancie brings a Foole to bedde.

Goe bidde the Iailour looke vnto his charge,
And not be cruell where he may be kinde,
For though a prisoner be not set at large,
Yet in his sorrow let him comfort finde,
That when the soule at Mercies doore doth knocke,
Pitty on earth may ope the heauenly locke.

Goe to the prisoner that doth liue oppresst
And tell him, Patience is a heau'nly power,
That in all troubles giues the Spirit rest,
And makes it happy in a heau'nly hower:
When true Remorse that Vertues griefe doth see,
From Care and Sorrow soone will set him free.

Goe

His Message.

Goe tell the Poets that their pidling rimes
Begin apace to grow out of request,
While wanton humors in their idle times
Can make of Loue but as a laughing iest:
And tell poore Writers, Stories are so stale,
That penny Ballads make a better sale.

Goe tell the Authors of high Tragedies,
That bloudlesse quarrells are but merry fights,
And such as best conceite their Comedies,
Doe feede their fancies but with fond delights,
Where toyes will shew that figure Trueths intention,
They spoyle their spirits with too much inuention.

Goe bid the Scriuener looke in his Indentures,
That no ill couenant a conueiance marre:
And tell the Sailer that in Sea aduentures,
A shippe ill guided splites vpon a barre:
And tell the Fisher when he layes his nets,
He fisheth ill that but a Gudgin gets.

Goe

His Meſſage.

Goe tell the Iuglers that their ieſtes are toyes,
Where wiſedome ſeeth the worth of little wit
Their exerciſes but for girles and boyes,
That watch the gander while the gooſe doth ſit,
Their trickes but trifles, bred by wickedneſſe,
But to deceiue the eye of ſimpleneſſe.

Goe tell the Pander and the Paraſite,
The one his tongue is like the others minde,
The Paraſite without a tooth can bite,
The Pander liues in a more loathſome kinde,
The one, his faculty is flattery,
The other liues by filthy Lechery.

Goe tell the traitour, if thou hitſt of any,
That *Iudas* is a prologue to their play:
And tell the world, that *Iudaſſes* too many,
In ſecret corners ſpring vp euery day,
Who, ſince both heau'n and earth may well abhorre,
Goe hang themſelues as he hath done before.

His Meſſage.

Goe to the Countrey, where the Farmers dwell,
And bid them bring their corne out to the poore,
Tell them, the Sexton comes to ring the Bell,
Whē death will fetch the richeſt out of doore:
And they too late to their ſorrow ſhall ſee,
How churles on earth, in hell ſhall plagued be.

Goe tell the Labourers, that the lazie bones
That will not worke, muſt ſeeke the beggars gaines:
And tell the beggar that his fained groanes,
Muſt haue a whippe to eaſe him of his paines,
While worke mens labour, and the lame mans woe,
In wiſedomes eye cannot vnpittied goe.

Thus, not in order ſeeke out euery one,
But as thou meetſt them, tell them what I bid thee:
But, if thou ſeeſt thou canſt doe good of none,
Of graceleſſe Schollers quickly ſeeke to rid thee,
Such as determine in their ſinnes to dwell,
Thou canſt not helpe them if they run to Hell.

But, leſt thy worke be all to much to doe,
Beginne againe, and I will make an end,
But, haue a care of that I ſet thee to,
Leſt I diſcarde thee euer for a friend:
But take good heed, begin where I begun,
And make an end, and I will ſoone haue don.

Goe bid the Coutier that he be not prowde,
The Soldier bloody, nor the Lawyer blinde:
And bid the Merchant, that he doe not ſhrowde
A ſubtile meaning in a ſimple kinde:
Goe bid the Schollers learne, the Doctors teach,
And haue a care to liue as they doe preach.

Goe bid the Farmer bring abroade his graine,
The Craftſ-man, that he ſoundly make his ware,
The Workeman, that he labour for his gaine,
The Beggar that he waite for pit:ies ſhare:
Then, if the Sexton come to ring the Bell,
Where Faith is fixt, there is no feare of Hell.

His Meſſage.

Forbid the Poets, all fantaſticke humors,
The Players, acting of vnlawfull ieſts,
The proſe-men, raiſing of vnciuill rumors,
The Fidlers playing, but at Bride-ale feaſts,
The Fencers fight, but onely to defende,
That eaſie quarrels ſoone may haue an ende.

Goe tell the ſpend-thrift that doth ſell his land,
Money will melt like ſnow againſt the Sunne:
And he that takes his rent vp afore-hand,
May hap to want before the yeare be done:
And tell a foole, that playes on better wittes,
A lowzie head will quickly ſhew his nittes,

Goe bid the Scriuener looke he truely write,
And tell the Iugler, that his feates are ſtale:
And bid the Sailer looke his ſhippes be tight,
And take the blowing of a merry gale,
And bid the Fiſher lay for bigger fiſh,
A world of Gudgins will not fill a diſh.

Goe

His Meſſage.

Goe tell the Rich man, that his ſtore of wealth,
Will purchaſe him no place in Paradiſe,
And bid the ſtrong man boaſt no more of health,
For as the Lambe, we ſee the Lyon dies:
And bid the wiſe man boaſt not of his wits,
Leſt vnawares he fall to madding fits.

Goe bid the Iaylour looke vnto his lockes,
And keepe his keyes, and feare no priſoners flight,
And keepe his rackes, his tortures boltes, and ſtockes,
To make a traitor bring a trueth to light,
But to his power to helpe the poore oppreſſed,
For God is pleasd in pittying the diſtreſſed.

Goe bid the Poets ſtudie better matter,
Then *Mars* and *Venus* in a tragedie:
And bid them leaue to learne to lie and flatter,
In plotting of a Louers Comedie:
And bid Play-writers better ſpend their ſpirits
Than in Fox-burrows, or in Cony-ferrits. (Coriolanus 4.5.226.

His Meſſage.

Doe not allure a wanton eye to loue,
Nor ſeeke with wordes to witch an itching eare:
Play not the turky with a turtle doue,
Nor fray a baby with a painted Beare,
Finde better worke to ſet thy ſelfe vnto,
As good be idle, as haue nought to doe.

Follow not follies, ſhadowes, nor conceites,
For in the end they will but all deceiue thee:
Practiſe no ieſtings, nor no iugling ſleights,
For in the end diſcretion will perceiue thee:
And when that woe and want doth ouertake thee.
Fortune will faile thee, and the world forſake thee.

Looſe not thy time with looking after toyes,
Nor fall to building Caſtles in the ayre,
Let Natures iewells neuer be thy ioyes,
But loue the beauty of the inward faire:
Where e're thou goe, let trueth and vertue guide thee,
And then be ſure no euill can betide thee.

Spen

His Meſſage.

Spend not thy patrimony in apparrell,
In cardes nor dice, in horſes, nor hawkes, houndes:
Maintaine thy right, but make no idle quarrell,
And keepe thy ſelfe within diſcretions boundes:
Abuſe no friend, nor truſt an enemy,
And keepe thy ſelfe from wicked company.

Reuenge no wrong, except it be too greate,
True valour liues in ſparing, not in ſpilling,
Deny no truce that mercy doth intreate,
A cruell conqueſt that doth end in killing:
For patience findes that poiſon's wrath to death,
An angry word is but an angry breath.

Bid them feare God, that meane to ſhun the Deuill,
And hate the deuill that would come to God,
And ſay, when Children are enclinde to euill,
Parents ſometime of force muſt vſe the rodde:
For Sinne is hatefull in *Iehouahs* eyes,
And Man his life but in his Mercie lyes.

FINIS.